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THOUGHTS FOR THE FEMALE TEACHERS OF CONNECTICUT.

(P)

No. 2.

IN considering the importance of a proper appreciation of the magnitude of the work the teacher is to perform,—that thus a corresponding earnestness in its execution might be secured, it was remarked in a previous number of the JOURNAL, “that the INTELLECTUAL STANDING of the next generation was being decided by the teachers of to-day.” That this truth, even when expressed in this general and least forcible way, suggests a work of almost incomprehensible magnitude and importance as the mission of the teacher, no one will deny. But, as in a complete and carefully executed painting, the beauty of the design, and the artist’s skill can not be fully appreciated till it is studied in all its minuteness of detail, and coloring and touch, so an idea gathers a force, and assumes a comprehensiveness and meaning, when carefully examined in all its relations, that no barren and general statement can possibly present.

Let us therefore in expanding and elucidating this truth, enquire what is involved in the fact, “That the intellect of the next generation is in the hands of the teachers of to-day.”

And first,—with reference to the individual; HIS OWN HAPPINESS depends upon the intellectual expansion that you help to give him.

Happiness is the paramount object of the world’s pursuit. It is the

world's idol. For it, what has not man done and suffered? Turn over the pages of history. Ask the hoary and the recent Past, in its insatiate struggle for lordship and power. Ask the Present in its strife for gold—for political preëminence—for social leadership; ask the devotees of pleasure, the pursuers after happiness in the realm of appetite and passion, what they have not attempted in their efforts to realise a new or an intenser *physical sensation*.

And yet, all who have thus attempted, have fatally failed, because they have sought where seeking was in vain. Happiness, if it comes to man at all, comes from within; comes from the resources and condition of his own mind, and not from any external circumstance. Make a man the possessor of wealth untold, give him the highest possible political position, invest him with acknowledged leadership in the realm of fashion; or let him drink to the very bottom the cup of sensual pleasure, brimming from every fountain that has been opened to gratify the appetite and lust of fallen man, and there can nothing come of either condition, in itself considered, that one would for a moment dignify with the name that men have given to sovereign earthly gods. But, give to man a taste and a relish for the beautiful and sublime in art and nature—an appreciation and love for truth, whether in the domain of science, philosophy or ethics—a desire to obtain information, and thus a satisfaction, in investigation and self-culture, all of which comes of intellectual expansion—is the legitimate consequence of a proper education; and you give him so far as earth can do it, the power to realize what men call happiness.

And the seeds that are to germinate, and spring up, and bud, and bloom, and bear at length this precious fruit, are of the teacher's sowing. If the plant is kindly and fittingly nurtured, cared for, the harvest will be priceless—if neglected, soon overgrown with weeds of most luxuriant, yet most pestiferous growth, the plant will die—no natural death—die of inattention, indifference, neglect—die to remediless individual loss—die to the shame of those who should have protected, and defended, and nurtured its young and tender life.

But second; not only does *individual* happiness depend upon intellectual expansion, but much, very much of the *enjoyment and satisfaction of domestic and social life*. Half the disappointment and dissatisfaction that comes of the waning "honey moon," is traceable, in our opinion, to the absence of intellectual culture in one or both parties. Mind is the only unfailing source of enjoyment; and where there is a lack in this respect, how much greater the fear that

connubial life will become to some extent a burden, when the causes that gave it a transitory interest, are among the things of the past.

It is impossible to imagine a more disagreeable situation than waking to the consciousness, that *sense* must inevitably and irremediably, be the main source of domestic enjoyment. It is this among other things, that hurries men from home to the club-room, the gaming table, the drinking saloon; that makes what heaven designed should be the brightest, dearest spot on earth, a hell.

And what is social life outside of mind? A mere convivial outflow of appetite and passion—drinking, smoking, swearing, repeating coarse and obscene jokes to force a laugh as unearthly and disgusting as it is uncalled for. But what is purer or more elevating and ennobling than communion with kindred minds; association for the purpose of intellectual stimulus and intellectual growth—to make subservient the *animal*, and exalt and dignify the *man*.

And all this comes of early culture. The intellectual development has its inception, and passes the most needful and important period of its growth in the public school.

But further. In deciding this intellectual standing, you decide what shall be the general advancement of our country in almost every department of its progress. Science, literature, invention, commerce, manufactures and mechanic arts, are all dependent upon mind. Compare the New England states, cold and rock-bound, with the Italian states, sunny and beautiful. Compare the states east and west of the Hudson with those south of the Potomac and Ohio. Everything, comparatively, that has to do with the nation's growth in the domain of letters, inventions, and the arts, comes from the section of least congenial climate and least fertile soil. And why? May not the answer be found measurably in the fact, that in Connecticut, which stands first, there is but one person to every 568 that can not read and write; in Vermont, one to every 473; in New Hampshire, one to 310; in Massachusetts, one to 166, and a very large proportion of what ignorance there is, is among persons foreign born; while in every state except two south of the Potomac and Ohio, there is among white persons, one to less than 20; and in one state, one to every 7!—with hardly a foreigner there. South, the proportion of free white children between the ages of five and twenty, found in any school or college, is not quite *one in five*. In New England, it is more than *four in five!*

Is there very much difficulty in answering the question why these stern and "sterile" states give to the nation and the world its labor-

saving implements—its cotton gins, its steamboats, its Atlantic telegraphs, its means of individual ease and national progress? Close the school-house doors from the St. Johns to the Hudson, and twenty years hence would New England occupy the proud position that she does to-day? Or, let the teachers of these states fail to appreciate the magnitude, or become neglectful of their trust, should we long remain as now, the pride of our country and the wonder of the world?

But what shall we say when we enter the domain of politics? Intelligence, independence of thought that comes of a cultivated mind, over which partisan sophistry has no power, is the safeguard of a Republic. Take from us our education, and you take from us even the possibility of perpetuating our free institutions—undermine the fabric, whose towering and beautiful proportions are the world's admiration and the world's hope.

In saying, therefore, "That the intellectual standing of the next generation is being decided by the teachers of to-day," we mean that they are allotting to each person in no insignificant sense, the share of individual, domestic, and social happiness that he is to enjoy, deciding what shall be the future of this country in all that appertains to progress in science, art, and invention, and fixing inevitably the position that we shall occupy as a nation, whether this experiment of a republican government be a success or a failure, a blessing or a curse!

When Lord Nelson was about to engage the French fleet, to fight what has since been called the "Battle of the Nile," he displayed from the mast head of the flag ship of his squadron, this stirring motto—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY"—and every Englishman became a hero!

The good to be accomplished and the glory won, in the bloodless strife in which the teacher is engaged, infinitely exceeds "the spires of Trafalgar." Who, then, will not respond to this sentiment, that in the name of ages yet unborn, the philanthropists and patriots—the educators of our state—display as the motto of the day—*Connecticut expects her teachers to do their duty!*

H. L. R.

JEWETT CITY, August, —

Example. Remember that your every act is closely watched, and that example teaches more surely than precept.

For the Common School Journal.

PROGRESSIVE TEACHING.

IN these days of progress, when it is the fashion to carry everything to the extreme end of possibility, there is a great necessity for teachers to be "up and doing," striving earnestly to expand and develop the innate faculties of the coming actors on life's stage, so that their truthful influence through all succeeding years shall be a bright mark of the faithful efforts of to-day. Not content with successes already achieved, let each day mark some new endeavor; not satisfied with the Past, let us press forward in the present with redoubled energy; not resting on laurels already won, let us gird on the armor for more extended labors.

There are some, in almost every calling, who can not see the necessity of anything like progress. Rather than stir one "jot or tittle" from the established routine of their grandfathers, they would float along, like a dry leaf in a turbid stream, nerveless and powerless to combat error in its thousand forms. I would by no means disparage the efforts of our forefathers in those "days that tried men's souls." There were mighty issues pending then, and men's thoughts were centered on liberty. But now the case is different. We have time for improvement,—for the finishing and polishing of those grand fabrics which our fathers reared, and for the development and expansion of new ideas. If the bright constellation of heroes, who won such glory on the battle-fields of the Revolution, were now on earth, would they be found among the "stand-stills" of the age, the clogs of the wheels of progress? If Patrick Henry and James Otis were with us to-day, would their mighty eloquence be spent in combating the onward march of improvement? Rather, would not those noble men, those gifted orators be found "first and foremost," among that band, devoted and sincere, who toil for advancement in truth and right? They surely would be among the first to condemn those sleepy patterns of ancient action, who can not do their duty because it is different from what their fathers did a hundred years ago. They would not, as some of their pretended followers do, oppose every effort to advance the educational interests of the land.

What is true of progress in other professions, is true of teaching. There are some who will oppose and deride every change from the olden method, however much it may be needed. But let not this discourage teachers. We must expect sometimes to have our actions

misconstrued. Opposition, too, will often prove a stronger incentive to renewed efforts than praise. Shade, as well as sunshine, has its own appropriate office to perform.

But, notwithstanding all opposition, it is our duty to press forward, and strive by every means within our power to become better teachers day by day. To-day ought not to be a type of yesterday, but something higher, nobler, better. Each day should see some good received, and some conferred. There is no danger of arriving at perfection too soon. Too many are the draw-backs, and too few the aids, to reach at once the highest goal. We can not expect to sit down in idleness and become good teachers. It is not so easy as might be imagined, to make every effort tell for the good of our pupils. Long-continued and laborious action, constant striving and earnest toiling, are the only true means for the teacher's progress. Gathering from each passing event some useful hints, culling some gem from beauties thickly strown around, or gleaning from hours of darkness some timely warning, we may learn more skillfully to shape the pliant mind of youth, and more wisely to guide it into paths of truth.

In order to become truly progressive teachers, we must have some definite end in view. It is the sure, sharp aim that takes effect. Random blows, however powerful they may be, are often worse than useless. If a farmer should go to his hay-field with a plow, a hoe, and a harrow, with a general idea of *working*, but with no definite view of *what* he is to do; and when there, should commence a common onslaught, hither and thither, with all these implements, everybody would pronounce him insane. How much more so is that teacher who daily goes to his school-room, there to work on the immortal mind, with no particular object in view except the general idea of "keeping school." He may toil day after day, and yet if his efforts are not rightly directed, they will achieve no beneficial results. Unless his implements are skillfully used, and his labors properly guided, he will blast the priceless plants entrusted to his care. How important, then, that teachers should have some definite object for which to toil! As LONGFELLOW sings of his "Village Blacksmith," so ought it to be of the teacher:

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Resolving each day to accomplish some good purpose, we ought to use all our efforts to attain the hoped-for end. Thus may we mount,

step by step, the ladder of usefulness, often cheered by pleasing tokens of an abundant harvest.

Again, the progressive teacher is fruitful in expedients to interest his pupils. Having some particular end in view, he is ever watchful for some means by which to obtain his purpose. He knows, full well, that if children are interested, they are easily guided by their teacher. And so he gathers largely from the experience of others, and devises new plans of his own—even though they be a deviation from the olden path—to incite an interest in well-doing. The mental, the corporeal and the moral, alike receive his care. A sound mind, a healthy body and a pure heart, are the three great ends for which he toils. Thus, he lays broad and deep the foundation of his pupils' future happiness, and at the same time rears for himself a lasting monument of praise.

The progressive teacher records much, thinks much, acts much. He patronizes Teachers' Journals, attends Teachers' meetings, and is a friend of Normal Schools. His time is not all spent in grasping after the gay baubles that float through the atmosphere of the ideal world; but he reduces to practice each one of his theories, and thus sifts the true from the false. Conscious that his position is a responsible one, he aims to perform his life-work well.

There are cases, it is true, where teachers go so far beyond reason in their efforts for improvement, that they may almost be said to *progress backwards!* Such teachers are usually mere copies of somebody else's idea, without much mental stamina of their own. They mix together in one confused mass a dozen excellent systems, and thus form a worthless compound of nonsense,—and perchance call it the "Normal System!"—and stranger still, *some people believe it!* Just as though the Normal School had taught them to be simpletons, whereas they were so born by nature. Poor timber can not be polished into perfection.

Progress should be the watch-word of all true teachers. By it the body will be invigorated, the mind reanimated, and the heart enlarged. Let us, then, fellow-teachers, press forward in our course, ever watchful to gather the good that lies along our path, striving to become progressive teachers in truth as well as name, and remembering,

"So to live that each to-morrow,
Finds us farther than to-day;"

farther in the path of right, farther from error and prejudice, and nearer the true standard for which we aim.

S. J. W.

WESTFORD, Conn., Aug. 11th, 1859.

**"A TEACHER IS NOT ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY
SUNSHINE."**

No, not always; there are many *little* clouds brooding over her path—sometimes dark and heavy—and the heart often feels well nigh sinking, when the murmur of some *ungrateful* pupil falls on the ear, *not direct*, but intended to be heard. There are petty quarrels that *none* but she can settle; there are little tales of error to be corrected, and *cutting words* and *actions* to be endured, for the sake of continued patronage.

It is hard for a young and inexperienced teacher to *callous* her heart against the patronizing looks of those *uneducated patrons* who speak of her as "*only a teacher!*"

It is hard to learn the different dispositions, and the methods by which to govern each; to retain the *untiring* patience so *necessary* in the profession, and to preserve an even temper throughout all the numerous duties, yet with a little experience and *close* observation, a teacher may dispel *many* of the storms that gather about her path.

Her eyes must be ever open to the little cornerings of mischief, or sorrow, and then by some *kind* word, she may become a *peace-maker* among them, and thus *destroy* the seed that *might* have produced much *evil*. She must prepare herself for ingratitude; for perhaps there is no vocation which is attended with more *unthankfulness* than that of teaching. She *can not* do enough, and if she would gain the *love* and *respect* of her pupils, she must *ever* wear a *cheerful countenance*, even if her *heart* is *sad*, for they naturally lag or brighten according as their teacher is dull or animated. Thus, though she is not "*always* surrounded by sunshine in the school-room," she has the power to create much of it if she will. She can brighten the angry or sorrowful countenance, *hush* the *hard* or *thoughtless* words, and subdue the wayward passions.

Where is the person that hath sunshine always? If there were *no dark spots* to traverse, we could not appreciate the *bright ones*. Life and suffering are inseparable.

We have dark storms of thunder and lightning, but they are followed by pure air and *sunshine*. Our eyes are never delighted by the bright and beautiful arch of promise until the *clouds* have fallen upon us. So *disappointments, temptations* and *storms* press upon us, but if we *bear them bravely* we shall have our *reward*.

For the Common School Journal.

TEACHERS' MEETINGS.

IN some of our rural towns, during the past winter, the plan of meeting once a fortnight, for mutual encouragement and improvement, was adopted by the teachers in the several districts, with a marked degree of success.

What should hinder a plan like this, from being carried into effect, the coming season, in every town or school society in the state?

The advantage to be derived from associated effort, and from mutual sympathy, are too obvious to need recapitulation. Let these meetings be *social*; let each feel that he or she has a part to take—a difficulty to state—a doubt to remove, or a word of encouragement and counsel for a younger brother or sister; let a lively interest in each other's success, mingled with a spirit of generous emulation, prevail, and the result will surely prove that the experiment has not been made in vain.

Let the plan of meeting be central, or let each district, in turn, become the center of attraction, but let it be, if possible, some cheerful, cozy, room, where all may feel at ease, and where empty seats will not stare earnestness out of countenance, and mocking shadows will not damp the glow of enthusiasm.

Doubtless an effort to establish stated meetings of this kind, will, in the outset, cost an effort. Many may hesitate through fear of their not being sustained; and many, especially female teachers in the out districts, may often find it difficult to be present, but the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," remains true.*

Try it, fellow-teachers, try it.

GRACE GRANGER.

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS,
New Britain, Conn., Sept. 10th, 1859.

INQUIRIES have been received from several towns for blanks, for the reports of district committees. The necessary blanks for these reports were sent from this office, by mail, in January last, to every town in the state, directed to the Acting School Visitor. Accompanying each package was a circular to the Acting Visitor, requesting

him to distribute the blanks to the committees before the close of the winter term of school.

Special effort has been made here to prevent any mistake. It was impossible to direct each blank separately to each committee in the state. I was obliged to depend upon the acting school visitors to distribute the blanks for their several towns. Most visitors did distribute them in time, but I am informed that in some instances they were not distributed at all, or not till the present month. I regret this neglect, not only on account of the trouble it may occasion committees to get all the facts required by law, but because it may subject the district to a forfeiture of its share of public money. Blanks have again been forwarded to all applicants. Since the blanks were printed, the law has been altered so as to make the district reports returnable to the school visitors on the 15th instead of the 30th of September. I think, however, that for the present year, the reports of district committees should be received as legal any time in the month of September.

A circular to school visitors with blank for making up their returns to the Superintendent's office, was also sent in January. I would earnestly request the school visitors to make those returns as complete as possible, and transmit them to this office before the first of November. In the "full annual report of the condition of common schools," required by section 3d, chapter 5th of the school laws of 1859, it is hoped the visitors will include, not only "all the important facts concerning the schools," but such comparative statements and notes of the working of the school system, as will enable the superintendent better to judge what changes, if any, are required.

It has been proposed that a convention of the school visitors of a county, be held at some convenient place in each county, for the discussion of questions relating to the improvement of common schools. It is believed that much good may be accomplished at such meetings. One such convention has already been called. I should be happy to meet the school visitors of other counties at such time and place as is convenient for them.

DAVID N. CAMP,
Superintendent of Common Schools.

TEACHERS AND SCHOOLS.

THE subscriber receives a large number of applications for teachers, every season, and also at times applications from teachers for situations. He will be happy to do all in his power to facilitate the meeting of teachers and committees. To enable him better to assist both parties, he would request committees applying for teachers, to state,

- 1st. The grade and kind of school.
- 2d. The number and age of pupils usually enrolled.
- 3d. The kind of teacher desired, whether male or female.
- 4th. The salary paid.
- 5th. Any other facts that may help to secure a teacher adapted to the situation.

At the close of each term of the Normal School, there are usually a number of teachers who are prepared to teach, and who may be obtained, but a much better opportunity would be given to secure good teachers, if the application could be made a few weeks before the school in which the vacancy exists, commences its term.

Applications from teachers for schools, should state,

- 1st. The qualifications and experience of the applicants, with references, if a stranger.
- 2d. The kind of situation desired.
- 3d. The salary expected.
- 4th. Such other facts as will enable the subscriber to understand what the teacher is capable of doing, and the kind of position sought. Such applications will be entered in a book for this purpose, and be referred to committees when vacancies occur.

DAVID N. CAMP.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
New Britain, Sept. 10th, 1859. }

For the Common School Journal.

CHARLEY MASON'S WATCHWORD.

BY COUSIN NICELY.

ONE frosty morning in autumn, as Mr. Jones, the carpenter, was going with his men to work in the town of Ashby, he met just at the entrance to the town, a pale faced, thinly clothed boy, who, after looking at him earnestly for a moment, asked, "Are you a carpenter, and

do you wish an apprentice?" "Well, I don't know; what's your name my lad," said the carpenter with a kind smile.

"Charley Mason," was the answer. "And where is your home, Master Charley?" continued good Mr. Jones. Big tears came into the boy's bright, black eyes, and his voice trembled as he said, "I have no home; my father and mother both died before I can remember."

Mr. Jones thought of his own dear boys, and he placed his hand kindly upon Charley's head, saying, "Poor boy, where have you lived?"

"With my uncle, but I left his house last night, determined to starve before I would be longer dependent on a man who grudged his dead brother's child the bread he ate," and Charley's eyes burned with a strange light.

The good carpenter wiped away the tears from his own eyes with the back of his hand, and asked, "Do you think you can learn to be a carpenter?" "I think *I can try*," said Charley, proudly drawing himself up. "Ah! I like that, and if that is to be your watchword, I think you and I can get on nicely, but I suppose you've had no breakfast," continued Mr. Jones, "so we must send Tom back to show you the house, where you will stay till we come home to dinner, and then we'll talk a little about your being a carpenter." Tom, a little colored boy who did errands for Mr. Jones, readily went back with Charley, taking himself the little bundle tied up in an old blue handkerchief, which contained all Charley's earthly possessions. Mrs. Jones proved as kind as her husband, and the poor, tired, hungry boy was soon enjoying a bountiful breakfast. When Mr. Jones came home, he had a long talk with Charley, who finally became his apprentice. He was to work four years, for his food and clothes, having besides, the privilege of attending school four months in each year.

"That isn't much time for learning," said Charley to himself that night, "but I guess I can get a chance to learn something out of school; anyhow, *I can try*." And he did try, and succeeded so well that Mr. Jones said to him at the close of the first winter, "Well, Charley, the Master says you are one of the best scholars in school, and he thinks we'll make something of you by and by, with that watchword of yours; but, my boy, do you think you will like work as well as study?"

"No, sir; but I'll work that I may study," was the answer. All through the spring, the summer and the autumn, Charley worked,

earnestly, faithfully, and at the close of each day, tired as he was, he always contrived to get a little time for study.

"Say, Charley," said Willie Jones one night, "all the boys say you are a dull prig; what makes you so sober? Why don't you come out of an evening and play with us, and not stay moped up in the house with a book all the time?" "I must study," said Charley, gravely. "I shall want to go to college by and by." "Oh poh! poh!" laughed Willie, that's a good one; why, father can't send any of us to college, and how are you ever going, when you don't have anybody to help you?"

"Perhaps I never can, but I can try." "Now, look here, Charley," said Willie, "I believe you'll do anything when you've once said 'I can try.' I don't wonder father calls it your watchword; but do you ever expect to know enough to go to college?" "Yes, if I live," said Charley, seriously. "But what does a carpenter want to go to college for?" persisted Willie; "I don't see any use in it." "Willie," said Charley, speaking in a quick excited way, "you mustn't ask me any more questions; but I'll tell you, I don't always mean to be a carpenter."

Week after week, month after month, year after year, Charley Mason kept on his course; never idle, never unfaithful; he yet worked as though he had some higher object in view, and night after night found him bending over his books, heedless of the sports in which the boys tried to make him join. The four years came to an end, and Mr. Jones now gave him good wages for his work, saying, "I know you'll be worth two common hands to me, Charley," and so he was, working and studying, now harder than ever, for he was fast reaching the point at which he aimed.

It was well known now, that Charley had decided to be a minister, and that he was now at work to earn money to assist him in his studies. About the time that his term as apprentice expired, Mr. Jones contracted to build a church in Ashby, and of course, Charley was employed upon it. One day while they were at work on the roof, Willie Jones called out, "Say, Charley, anybody would think you expected to preach in this church, by the way you put on those shingles." "Stranger things than that have happened," said Charley, quietly. A laugh from the workmen, and then the incident was forgotten.

Charley achieved his darling plan of entering college; though in doing so, he overcame many an obstacle at which even stout hearts would have quailed, but he said "God helps those who help themselves, and *I can try.*"

His college life was a hard one, for he was still dependent on his own exertions, and it would make your heart ache to hear of his privations, yet he never complained, but kept earnestly to his one purpose, and nobly has he accomplished it.

This day Charley Mason is *pastor of the congregation who worship in the very church he helped to build*, and hundreds look up to him and bless him as their guide to heaven. Remember his watchword, boys; remember, that with God's blessing upon earnest, faithful, untiring effort, you too may become like him, good and useful men, men who perhaps may be unknown in the great world, but men blessed of God and of your fellows. Who would not rather be good than great, yet who shall say that Charley Mason was not a hero? And is he not now laboring to guide sinful men to heaven? Is he not, I say, a *greater* as well as a better man, than the leader of vast armies, or the ruler of nations?

Adopt his watchword, and ever in times of great difficulty and discouragement, let your motto be, "*I can try.*"

CONQUERING BY KINDNESS.

I once had a neighbor—a clever man—who came to me one day, and said, "Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away."

"Why," says I, "what are my geese doing?"

"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it."

"What can I do?" said I.

"You must yoke them."

"That I have not time to do now," said I, "I do not see but they must run."

"If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the shoemaker, in anger. "What do you say, Esquire White?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay for all damages."

"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it

in the road ; by this time the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs ?" inquired he.

"Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field ?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know ; they were made to eat it."

"How much mischief have they done ?"

"O, not much," said I. Well off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"O, no," said I, "it can't be."

"Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage."

The shoemaker blushed and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.

"No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk we parted ; but in a few days I met him on the road, and we fell into conversation in the most friendly manner.

But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said :

"I have something laboring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest till you know how I feel ; I am very sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

"O, well," said I, "never mind ; I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it ; but when my cattle broke into his fields after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said I to my children, "conquer yourselves and you will conquer others when you could do it in no other way.

DILIGENCE AND IDLENESS.

WHILE seated in my elbow-chair, and ruminating on these two subjects, I fell asleep. Methought I heard on a sudden, a proclamation made by Jove, that every mortal should come and tell whether he liked Diligence or Idleness.

There was appointed for this purpose a large plain. I took my

stand in the center of the plain, and observed, with pain and pleasure, the crowds that poured into it from the adjacent hills.

The followers of Diligence I beheld with pleasure, all appearing well and hearty, cleanly clad and marching across the plain with buoyant step. Behind them followed myriads of ants and bees, laden one with crumbs of food, the other with honeyed sweets, gathered from innumerable flowers. Health-colored, and hearty looking maidens followed the banner of Diligence. Closely following these, were Prosperity, Riches, Health, and Happiness, each leading her gay troops, or his stalwart bands.

The troop of Idleness was gathering meantime, composed of all ranks of frail humanity. Lily-hued belles were decked in flowers and silks, and painted cheeks. How they contrasted with the fair maidens of Diligence, by their pale looks and their wearied gait!

Not far from this crowd of beings, the troops of Idleness, were seen the gaunt forms which Famine brought, the bloody train of Murder, and the skulking forms which Robbery had led, pressing closely up.

Both bands having at last halted, but at some distance, the one from the other, in behalf of her children, Diligence thus spoke: "We have experienced the tastes of Idleness, but are now free. We followed her, but felt her secret sting. Ourselves free, we beseech those who are her slaves, to follow with us the path of Diligence, for Wealth, Health, and Pleasure shall thus be given to them."

This speech caused many to leave the ranks of Idleness and join the band of the diligent, where they were heartily welcomed.

For her troop, Idleness next spoke, but it was in doleful mood, bewailing their mournful lot, and imploring Diligence to take them, as they stood, still idle, and desirous so to remain. The request was repulsed; for, if they would be saved from the evils of idleness, it rested with them to save themselves.

All these things produced a deep feeling, which will last me the rest of my days. On awaking, I made a firm resolve, that I would henceforth try to rally recruits for the ranks of Diligence.

MASON.

Teach your pupils those things which will tend most to promote their usefulness and happiness.

For the Common School Journal.

A REMEMBRANCE.

I'd been gathering violets,
One time, in childhood's day,
And turned, with my precious burden,
Far where the rivers lay.

'Twas a morn all fair and joyous—
As bright as bright could be,
And my young full heart of gladness
Gave out its singing glee.

So, over the hills and meadows,
Thoughtless I passed along,
Till I saw the gleam of waters
And heard their rippling song.

Hast'ning, my steps soon brought me there,
Had sat me down to rest,
When there came rolling through the air
Low thunders from the west.

I quickly saw the stormy clouds
Sweeping the mountain's dome,
And my heart was full of trembling,
And much I longed for home.

So with tired feet and aching,
Thither I sped my way—
But between, in the wide distance,
Long hills and valleys lay.

And the night came down around me—
Rain-drops fell thick and fast—
And, before I'd reach'd the threshold,
My flowers away I cast.

And when evening came, my mother
Took me with her, away
From the gathering group, and said,
Where have you been to-day?

So I told her of my ramble
In the bright, morning hours—
Of songs of birds that came to me,
Looking for my flowers—

Of how the clouds of storm and rain
Scattered away all this—
And how night found me—kindly here—
I felt my mother's kiss.

She took my hand in hers and said,
 That many days like this
 Would end in night in weeping o'er
 Some faded loveliness.

And that 'twas God who gave me all--
 And bade my young heart see,
 How much of love I owed to Him,
 Who'd been so kind to me;

That coming years would bring with them
 Realities of life--
 Some joined to pleasure—sounds and joy,
 Others, to ceaseless strife.

I little felt this meaning then,
 Those words so sadly true,
 But now my soul can answer them
 And feel this strength anew.

And may the "little ones" we love--
 Led by our guiding hand,
 Early know of a Father's voice,
 Christ and the "better land."

So shall our lives be doubly blest--
 Some brighter faith be given,
 Till work is o'er, and we have reached
 The "pearly gates" of heaven.

L. M. H.

NEW HAVEN, 1859.

THE PROFESSION OF TEACHING.

To be qualified for the office of a teacher, is a matter of more consequence than is ordinarily conceded. Nothing is farther from the truth, than the idea that as a profession, it requires but little experience to succeed in it, or that when an individual has failed as a merchant, minister, or lawyer, he is competent for the school-room. To suppose that because a person can read and write, he is qualified as an instructor, is as correct, as to pronounce him competent to practice medicine because he happens to be able to tell the difference between Epsom salts and calomel. It is a lamentable fact that the moulding of the minds of the present age, a task in which talent and experience of the highest order should be engaged, is often left to inexperienced and incompetent teachers. If the testimony of reli-

ble men may be taken, quack teachers, as well as quack doctors, abound in every state.

The subject of education is one in which all are interested. It should warmly enlist the attention of parents and legislators. The education of a child commences with its existence. The human mind was given for improvement, and in proportion as it is expanded, we increase its facilities for enjoyment. In its earliest state, the mind is frequently compared to a twig, it either takes a bent that deforms it for time, or receives a direction, that at maturity makes a useful member of society. First impressions are always the most lasting; more time is necessary to eradicate false and pernicious teaching, than to impart correct instruction. In the first training it is of the utmost consequence that a proper foundation should be laid; indeed the success of after years depends almost entirely upon this. It often happens that the course of the most conscientious teacher is counteracted by influences entirely beyond his control. His aim is to advance those entrusted to his charge as rapidly as consistent, but, indulged at home, or left to their own caprice, his expectations are blighted. In country schools it often happens that the pupils are badly provided with books, or those furnished are of such an infinite variety as to render classification impossible. We do not know what sort of books old Noah amused himself with, teaching his family shut up in the ark during that long spell of rain usually called the deluge, but were it possible to suppose, that they were not used to ignite the sacrifice offered up on his emancipation, we could almost imagine that in our course of teaching, some of those had fallen to our lot; we are not able to speak positively, as they were in such a dilapidated state, the title page gone, and the imprint entirely missing. Many parents think that any sort of a book will do for their children, and if the teacher refuses such as they happen to have, are often loud in their complaints against him.

But the books are the least part of the teacher's difficulties. In the promiscuous group that find their way to the school-room, the bad as well as the good are gathered. It sometimes happens that difficulties occur, and the teacher is obliged to punish the unruly, but because he did not punish the innocent with the guilty, he is pronounced —, and this, like the story of something as black as a crow, in the course of a few rehearsals, is magnified to twenty crows. In the list of requirements among other qualifications, the neighborhood wants a man strictly moral, and one that will square his life by

the Bible. Alas, for human nature! but little of that charity is meted out to him.

There are other impediments that occur in the profession of teaching that might be named, but time would fail us were we to mention the half. There is one obstacle that presents itself in the way of the advancement of the profession, which we must not pass over. It is when the very men whose duty and interest it should be to elevate the standard, are the first to degrade it. There are persons that teach merely for a salary,—this obtained and they have accomplished their purpose. No great advancement can be made in the profession of teaching, until, like others, it is made permanent, and inducements are held out to enlist the services of those engaged for this object alone. To accomplish this it is necessary to establish Normal Colleges, where those who desire to study teaching as a profession may be regularly educated. The utility of such institutions will form the subject of another article.—*Southern Teacher.*

For the Common School Journal.

THE NEW TEACHER.

THE successor of Jonathan Wakeup in the little old dingy, red school-house, by the turnpike corner, was a young man, who, notwithstanding the strictness of his discipline, became very popular. He was one of the few, sometimes termed *natural* teachers. The school was completely under his control, from the first day of the term, and that without his having used any apparent effort at government. An expressed wish was law, for most of the pupils, and for the two or three rebelliously disposed, a command, accompanied by a flash of the eye, proved sufficient. Always earnest and faithful, he seemed to infuse a like spirit into all around him. We were obedient because we could not be otherwise; we applied ourselves with diligence because he had awakened within us a genuine thirst for knowledge.

Affable and social, he was not slow in winning the favor of our parents, older brothers and sisters and the young people generally. His tastes being more refined than those of any of his predecessors, the large boys, obedient to the all potent law of example, dropped their coarse expressions, amended some of their uncouth ways, tried to correct their awkward motions, and in short, became metamorphosed into embryo gentlemen.

Unconsciously, perhaps, he not only gave tone to their manners and

amusements, but became a sort of oracle among the young people of the district in regard to disputed questions of right and wrong. Here it was that some of our careful parents, (*over careful we thought,*) became anxious in regard to the extent of his influence, for our teacher added not to his numerous gifts the crowning excellence of piety. No sound from his lips ever led our young hearts in prayer, ever impressed upon us a sense of our responsibility to God, ever warned us of the many dangers in our pathway, or taught us how to overcome temptation.

That he intended to exert a good influence, or at least to do no harm, I do not doubt. Whether his influence was on the whole good, or whether his many virtues only rendered it the more subtle in its deleterious effects, I do not pretend to say.

The only charges brought against him by the ‘ultra strict,’ were that he often spent an hour over the chess or backgammon board,—that on two occasions, he had been known to play whist; that though seldom seen to smoke, his clothes had the peculiar fragrance imparted by good cigars; that at Dr. B’s party he had been observed to partake fearlessly of wine, and at the same party had been noticed as an adept at “tripping on the light fantastic toe.”

The youth of our place having been brought up to regard all these things as abominations, opened wide their eyes at first, but soon concluded that dancing and chess playing were far more sensible methods of killing time than attending kissing parties, and that, letting alone the wine, smoking, though a bad habit, was a very good thing as an occasional luxury.

The large boys in school tried secretly, (for their teacher never smoked in public,) to practice the puffing art. Coasting and skating were neglected for the checker-board. As the season advanced, however, unremitting study took the place of amusements of all kinds, for our teacher understood full well the art of awakening ambition.

The best scholar in school that term was Frederic D., a boy of good mental powers, active nervous temperament, quick impulses and unbounded ambition. That winter formed an era in his life. The teacher’s influence seemed to have permeated his whole being and awakened him to a new existence. His fond parents, glowing with pride in the brilliant promise of their talented boy, resolved, notwithstanding their limited means, to give him a liberal education.

“It is all your work,” said Fred to his teacher, on hearing that

his ardent wishes had received the parental sanction. "No one else could have persuaded father to send me to college."

* * * * *

Ten years have passed since that winter. The district were unable to secure the services of Mr. S. the next year, and never since have been favored with his equal.

Fred D. for a time gladdened the hearts of his parents by his rapid progress in study, and the high stand he took on entering college, but ere long it was whispered that he was a wild boy, addicted to bad habits and impatient of restraint. Alas! these whispers were not groundless. Before the close of his second year he was expelled in disgrace. From that time he became a fugitive. For three years nothing was heard of him. His name was seldom mentioned in the neighborhood of his home, and never casually spoken in the presence of his parents. They had grown prematurely old, when one mild day in October he was brought to his childhood's home a sufferer from a malady which in a few weeks proved fatal.

He died in the peace of a death-bed repentance. During his illness he said, "I wish I could see Mr. S. I have no one but myself to blame for my evil course; but I wish, oh! how I wish, that when my soul was set on fire, he had warned me against the blackness of desolation that must follow; that he had held me back from the inclined plane down which I have rolled.

He could have done it. A few words of warning from him would have had more effect than all the sermons to which I have ever listened. He could have tamed the spirit which awoke simultaneously with my ambition. He could have taught me to conquer myself. No one else could have done it *then*, but his influence over me was unlimited.

My very first steps in the downward road were taken along side of his tracks. *He* had the balance of mind that enabled him to indulge *moderately* in those things that have made a wreck of *me*. I do not blame him. He knew not what he was doing; but I wish he could be made to feel that it is a fearful thing to incur the responsibility that always accompanies an influence like his."

Perhaps too much was attributed by the ruined youth to his former teacher, yet who shall measure the extent of such an influence?

GRACE GRANGER.

SLATE GLOBE AND NEW SLATES.

In the September number of the Journal we referred briefly to Messrs. C. T. Candee & Co's. advertisement of Prof. Shepherd's slated Globe, and the new patent slate, but not as fully as we should, had time and space permitted. For some months the slated Globe has been used in the Normal School at New Britain, and with the most gratifying results. We say with Tutor Kelsey, of Amherst College, that, "We should consider our recitation rooms poorly furnished without these Globes," and we heartily subscribe to the testimonials of the gentlemen named in the advertisement, and particularly to that of Prof. Crosby, of the State Normal School at Salem, Mass., given in the present number of the Journal.

The new patent slate in the portfolio form, and especially the single slate, with the rubber frame or mounting, appears to be as nearly perfect as it can be. The first cost is higher than for the slates now in common use, but we are assured that it costs more than twice as much to make it, and yet if we include the damage now done to our polished school desks, or the cost of the baize covering to protect the desks, the *first* cost of the patent slate will be as low as for any other. But the patent slate is mechanically so perfect, and so desirable, that we believe it will be, in the end, the cheapest slate in use. But even if it were more expensive than other slates, first and last, we should decidedly prefer it to any other, for the very luxury of having such a light, beautiful and truly *noiseless* slate in our school. We have no doubt but that these slates will be used in our schools as soon as their excellencies are known, and they can be obtained. We learn that thus far the demand for them has been greater than the manufacturers have been able to supply. No teacher who has once enjoyed the use of these slates in his school could be induced to give them up and use the old slate. Thus much we sincerely believe.

IMPOSSIBLE.—The New Orleans Picayune gives the following definition of this word: "An obsolete word of four syllables, much used by the ancients, and still popular with European nations. It has been cut out of the American vocabulary."

A good lady objected to allowing her son to have a collegiate education, after she was informed that *profane* history was one of the studies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—Daniel Webster, in his masterly argument in the celebrated Girard College case, in the Supreme Court of the United States, says:

“I maintain that, in any institution for the instruction of youth, where the authority of God is disowned, and the duties of Christianity derided and despised, and its ministers shut out from all participation in its proceedings, there can no more charity, true charity, be found to exist, than evil can spring out of the Bible, error out of truth, or hatred and animosity come forth from the bosom of perfect love.” * * * *

“At the meeting of the first Congress there was a doubt in the minds of many, of the propriety of opening the session with prayer; and the reason assigned was, as here, the great diversity of opinion and religious belief. At length Mr. Samuel Adams, with the gray hairs hanging about his shoulders, and with an impressive venerableness now seldom to be met with (I suppose owing to the difference of habits,) rose in that assembly, and with the air of a perfect Puritan, said that it did not become men, professing to be Christian men, who had come together for solemn deliberation in the hour of their extremity, to say that there was so wide a difference in their religious belief, that they could not, as one man, bow the knee in prayer to the Almighty, whose advice and assistance they hope to obtain. Independent as he was, and an enemy to all prelacy as he was known to be, he moved that the Rev. Mr. Duche, of the Episcopal Church, should address the Throne of Grace in prayer. And John Adams, in a letter to his wife, says that he never saw a more moving spectacle. Dr. Duche read the Episcopal service of the Church of England, and then, as if moved by the occasion, he broke out into extemporaneous prayer. And those men who were then about to resort to force to obtain their rights, were moved to tears; and floods of tears, Mr. Adams says, ran down the cheeks of the pacific Quakers who formed part of that most interesting assembly. Depend upon it, where there is a spirit of Christianity, there is a spirit which rises above forms, above ceremonies, independent of sect or creed, and the controversies of clashing doctrines.”

HOW TO PUT QUESTIONS.—Many teachers, now-a-days, ask questions in the very words of their books, *ipsissimis verbis*. The chil-

dren, too, are required to answer in the precise words of the book, and the questions generally are what the lawyers call leading questions, so that the pupil has as little thinking to do as possible. But how should questions be put to children? In such a way, if possible, as to compel them to think. Therefore a good teacher will not give them in the language of the text-book, but will translate them out of it, so as to get the kernel from the chaff, and to fasten the attention of his pupils on things, not on words and names. How many modern teachers make answering questions by rote, their first and last duty—their Alpha and Omega. They do not fulfill their highest office as educators, even of the intellect, until they set the soul to thinking, and unless they keep it thinking always. On the same principle, teachers should not, it seems to me, be too ready to help their pupils to answers. This is precisely like putting crutches under a child after it is able to walk; knock them away—cut away the bladders when the child is learning to swim and leave him to himself. Life is a scene for action and inquiry—questions crowd on us daily, and in the work-day would, whether the child is going and where he is to wrestle manfully, he will have no text-books to supply a mechanical answer. Speak, then, to your pupil from the promptings of a full mind, and you will speak wisely. I am sometimes tempted to ask what books were made for, and what effect it would have if they were all burned up some day, or what would be the predicament of some teachers if they had to answer all these questions themselves, instead of finding those answers ready-made at the bottom of the pages. Away, then, with such clumsy devices. Let the teacher so prepare himself that he can speak with his eye as well as with his tongue, with his hand, his beaming face, and every muscle of his frame—not simply with averted eye and vacant face read over questions propounded to him in a text-book.—*Bp. Potter.*

EDUCATION.—Education has usually been contemplated under two aspects—elementary and classic or professional. To read the mother tongue intelligently, speak it with tolerable accuracy, write legibly, measure products, estimate their value correctly, and keep accounts—such was the purpose and the sum of our Common School or primary instruction. Superinduced on this was the system of Academic and Collegiate training, embracing Languages, the higher Mathematics, Elocution, Logic, Rhetoric, &c.—all intended either to qualify the recipients for the Bar, the Bench, the Dispensary, the Pulpit, or to fit

the children of the rich to enjoy and adorn a position of genteel indolence. An education which shall make the rising generation in the aggregate better farmers and mechanics than their fathers were—this is an urgent need of our times. Not that ampler food and better houses are all, or the best, that education can do for us, but that they are conditions of progress in other and higher departments. There are thousands of ignorant parents who can no otherwise be convinced of the importance of education to their children, than by seeing it make two blades of grass grow in place of one. Make the most stolid and miserly parents comprehend that Knowledge is physical as well as moral and intellectual power—power over the earth and its bounties, as well as power to predict eclipses and calculate the paths of the planets—and they will realize that their children cannot do without it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—The Rev. Dr. Stearns, President of Amherst College, in his late Baccalureate Sermon, thus sensibly spoke of Physical training.

I consider physical training within its proper limits a most sacred work, a religious duty—in many cases as imperious as prayer itself. How can a man go to and fro in the earth, and preach the gospel to every creature, and endure hardness as a good soldier, if he has not health? What is an education worth, so far as this world is concerned, if the student breaks down and dies on the threshold of his usefulness, or is obliged to spend most of his energies in cherishing a miserably disordered body? Can he be strong in anything, except perhaps in the simple matter of patient endurance? The church has much yet to learn on this subject. The science of keeping the body under and bringing it into subjection—of restraining and regulating its natural appetites, of promoting its vigor, of making it the executive agent of the soul, of training and fitting it for the greatest efficiency in the service of Christ—is a science not yet developed. The efforts of a few to this end are not yet appreciated. Many look upon all plans for physical education in colleges as Utopian. The idea of giving religious encouragement to manly sports seems like a contradiction. They can understand why the Grecian gymnast should subject himself to rigid living and long processes of training for his corruptible crown, but they cannot understand why the body should be educated as the servant of the soul in its great strife for the incorruptible crown.

SUGGESTIVE.—A single incident in early life is often the pivot upon which a person's whole character and destiny turns. It is stated in the biography of Michael Angelo, the great Italian sculptor, that when a child, his nurse, who was the wife of a stone-mason, was accustomed to give him for play things, a little hammer and chisel. Had it not been for those toys, the genius of Angelo might have taken an entirely different course, and we should have read of him in history as a poet, an orator, or a statesman. Had a little sword and drum been given him for toys, in place of the hammer and chisel, his name might have come down to us as a renowned chieftain, a great general, rather than as the man,

Who made the senseless stone to breathe and speak ;
The dull rock reflect the perfect form of youth and age.

Were we to trace one of the majestic rivers of our country to its source, we should find (if the report of travelers be true) not far from the spot where it issues from its parent spring, a rock lying directly across the path it would naturally pursue, and turning its stream into an entirely different channel, thus determining, ever after, the direction in which that proud river is to convey its waters to the ocean. So is it with character. Often a trivial circumstance in early life gives a new and decisive turn to the purposes or tastes of a child, which determines his whole future character, and shapes the course of all his subsequent life.—*Bates.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly anchor. The home circles surrounded by such influences, has an antepast of the joys of a heavenly home.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around his darkest scenes.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.—*Selected.*

"GIVE ME," says a recent vigorous writer, "the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house upon every hill-side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

BROOKLYN. Mr. E. R. Keyes, as we learn, has a very flourishing school in this place. Mr. K. is a good teacher and an active friend of education. We wish him abundant success, and he deserves it.

NEW HAVEN. Mr. George F. Phelps, late of Norwich, has been elected Principal of the Eaton School. Mr. Phelps has gained an excellent reputation as an instructor, and we congratulate him in his election to the important post he now occupies.

NEW BRITAIN. The High and model schools have commenced a new term with good prospects.

Mr. John N. Bartlett has proved a highly successful and acceptable teacher. Miss Chamberlin continues as Assistant, and well performs her duties.

Miss Mary V. Lee has succeeded Miss Thomas in the Grammar department, the latter having entered into a special partnership which calls her to another sphere of action. Miss Lee is succeeding remarkably well.

Miss Jane Hart remains at the head of the Intermediate department, a post she has occupied for several years, to the universal satisfaction of the committee and parents.

Miss Jane Ross presides in the Primary department, in which her success has been highly gratifying. This is, in many respects, the most important department.

WILLIMANTIC. Mr. Samuel G. Mead, of New Haven, has been elected Principal in one of the Grammar schools of this place; the school formerly taught by Mr. John F. Peck. Mr. Mead is a competent instructor, and we trust his services will prove acceptable in his new position.

BRIDGEPORT. The friends of education in this beautiful city seem determined to improve their schools. The school-house in the Barnum district at East Bridgeport has recently been refitted and re-furnished. It was appropriately dedicated on Tuesday evening, Sept. 13th. We were not able to be present, but learn that very interesting addresses were made by P. T. Barnum, Esq., Hon. David N. Camp, Rev. Messrs. Thompson, Benedict and Stillman; by Messrs. Judson and Burritt of the Board of Visitors, and by Messrs. Wilson and Maples, teachers of public schools in Bridgeport. The rooms are said to be finished and furnished with a due regard to taste and convenience, and the important principles of ventilation have not been overlooked.

The school is to continue under the charge of Mr. Maples, and we doubt not that the improved accommodations now afforded, will tend greatly to increase the interest in the school.

DR. BARNARD. We are under the necessity of deferring, till our next, some account of the inauguration of this gentleman as Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison. The exercises were of a highly interesting character, and Dr. Barnard enters upon the discharge of his important duties with very encouraging prospects.

MR. ROBERT T. SPENCER, late of Meriden, has taken charge of a school at Pompton Plains, New Jersey. Mr. Spencer is an earnest and faithful teacher, and a gentleman of excellent character. We wish him success.

MR. PHILBRICK. We are glad to learn that the friends of this gentleman, in Connecticut, are taking measures to place his portrait in the Hall of the Normal building. It will probably be ready by the first of October. We frequently hear pleasant reports of Mr. Philbrick's efforts in Boston, where he is accomplishing a good work and securing, by his judicious labors, the confidence and good wishes of all parties. No man better deserves success.

His numerous friends will be gratified to learn that he contemplates being present at the anniversary exercises of the Normal School, this month.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION. The thirtieth annual meeting of this useful association was held at N. Bedford on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August. It was an unusually large gathering and the occasion was one of uncommon interest. The large and beautiful Hall, in which the Institute held its day sessions, was closely filled, and the church, in which the evening lectures were given, was filled to its utmost capacity. An excellent spirit prevailed and, in all respects, the meeting was considered one of the largest and best ever held in this country. We have not space to give a particular account of the doings,—but we must allude to the great kindness of the citizens of New Bedford, who so hospitably opened their houses and received to their homes nearly one thousand strangers who were in attendance upon the Institute. Their kindness will not be soon forgotten by the recipients,—but for many long years will the beautiful city of New Bedford, and the noble hearted people, be held in pleasant remembrance. It was cheering to see so many assembled to consider and discuss questions of an educational bearing. Especial credit is due to J. B. Congdon, Esq., who labored with unwearied zeal and interest to promote the interest of the occasion and the happiness of those from abroad. We shall give a list of the officers in our next.

NORMAL SCHOOL. The winter term of this school will commence on Wednesday, Nov. 30th. Those desirous of attending should make early application to Hon. David N. Camp, New Britain.

DEATHS. During the month of August, two graduates of the Normal School, both of the class of 1855—have been called to the spirit land.

Mr. EDWARD D. RAWSON died at South Woodstock, and Miss ELIZABETH W SAGE at Cromwell. They had both proved highly successful teachers, and accomplished, we have every reason to believe, much good during the short time they were permitted to labor in their chosen work. Having lived Christian lives, they have gone to their reward. May their early departure incite others to be “diligent in good works.” That “life is truly long which answers life’s great end.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS. “Eastford” and others will receive attention soon.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT
NEW BRITAIN.

The annual examination of the classes of the Normal School will take place on MONDAY and TUESDAY, October 3d and 4th, from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5, P. M. The exercises of the grad-

uating class, and the presentation of the diplomas, will be on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

On SUNDAY, Oct. 2d, at 7, P. M., the annual sermon will be delivered by Rev. Wm. H. BOOLE, of New Britain; on MONDAY, at 7 P. M., the annual address before the graduating class, by DAVID N. CAMP; on Tuesday, at 7, P. M., an oration, by Rev. J. P. THOMPSON, D. D., of New York, and a poem, by Wm. L. HUMMASON, Esq., of New Britain, before the Barnard and Gallaudet Societies; and on Wednesday, at 10.30, A. M., the annual address before the Association of Alumni, by Prof. HENRY B. BUCKHAM.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

Institutes will be held in October, as follows:

In MIDDLESEX County, at OLD SAYBROOK, Oct. 10th.			
" LITCHFIELD	"	NORFOLK,	" 17th.
" WINDHAM	"	POMFRET,	" 24th.
" NEW LONDON	"	WATERFORD,	" 24th.

The several Institutes will commence on the evening of the day named, and continue through the Friday following.

The citizens in the towns named, have very generously offered the hospitality of their homes to all teachers who may attend, and it is hoped that there may be a general attendance on the part of the teachers of the several counties.

BOOK NOTICES.

How PLANTS GROW; a simple introduction to structural Botany. With a popular Flora, or an arrangement and description of common plants, both wild and cultivated. Illustrated by 500 wood engravings. By Asa Gray, M. D. New York : Ivison & Phinney.

We have been exceedingly pleased with this book, and believe it will do more to make the study of Botany attractive and popular, than has been done by any other work on the subject ever published. The style is clear and simple, and the several illustrations are well adapted to convey accurate and well defined impressions of the plant or part represented. We give the work our unqualified commendation.

THE PROGRESSIVE PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC, containing the theory of numbers, in connection with concise Analytic and Synthetic methods of solution, and designed as a complete text-book on this science for Common Schools and Academies. By Horatio N. Robinson, LL. D. 12mo., 336 pp. New York : Ivison & Phinney.

This work has several points which tend to make it worthy of a place among the first class of Arithmetics:

1. Its typographical execution is very neat and attractive.
2. It is well bound.
3. The arrangement is good.
4. The rules are clear and plain, and the examples well selected.

For these and other reasons, we commend the book.

The same publishers have placed on our table two smaller works, by Prof. Robinson, containing exercises for Intellectual Arithmetic. These also appear to be excellent books for primary and intermediate schools.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY; with practical applications to Mensuration. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. 12mo., 320 pp. Boston: R. S. Davis & Co.

This appears to us as one of the best works of our venerable friend Greenleaf, who is so extensively and favorably known as the author of a series of Arithmetics for school use. The work is printed from excellent type, and presents an unusually attractive page. The definitions are concise and plain, and the diagrams distinct. To any in search of a text-book on Geometry, we would confidently commend "Greenleaf's Elements of Geometry."

[See Advertisement.]

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ALGEBRA, designed for the use of students in High Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. 12mo., 360 pp. Boston: R. S. Davis & Co.

This is another good book from the pen of Mr. Greenleaf; certainly one of the best treatises on Algebra now before the public. We are glad to notice that several errors which existed in the first edition have been corrected in the edition before us. All the works published by Messrs. Davis & Co. are well bound, and in that respect particularly deserving success.

A NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; embracing the most recent discoveries in the various branches of Physics, and exhibiting the application of scientific principles in every-day life. 12mo., 450 pp. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We are pleased with this work, and think it must prove a very acceptable text-book for school use. It is copiously and clearly illustrated, and the various experiments are described with unusual perspicuity. The mechanical execution of the book is very good.

MODERN PHILOLOGY: Its discoveries, history and influence, with Maps, tabular views, and an index. 8vo., 354 pp. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

To the scholar and the philologist, this will prove a most welcome volume. It is not only beautifully printed from large and clear type, but is a very readable book, and every page is full of instruction, pleasantly imparted.

Part I., contains an historical sketch of the Indo-European languages. Part II., History of Modern Philology, and part III. Science of Etymology.

We have not space to give to this work the notice it so richly merits. Mr. Dwight evidently engaged in its preparation as one full of well-directed enthusiasm, and we shall be greatly mistaken if the book is not received with unusual favor, and prove a most useful addition to the list of "books that are books." [See advertisement.]